

# LICKING VALLEY COURIER.

VOLUME 4. NO. 21

WEST LIBERTY, MORGAN COUNTY, KENTUCKY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 30, 1913.

WHOLE NUMBER 177

## HEADQUARTERS

### DEMOCRATIC CAMPAIGN COMMITTEE

West Liberty, Ky., Oct. 25, 1913.

Democrats:

The election is just a little more than a week off and I take the method of appealing to you and to your party loyalty. I and other members of the committee are doing everything in our power to get out the voters on November 4th. It will be impossible for me to see each of you personally before that date, but I want to urge you in the strongest terms to get busy in your respective precincts and neighborhoods and see to it that every democratic voter goes to the polls. If there are any who are not able to go, provide them a way. If there are any lukewarm, go and see them and talk to them. Tell them that it is their duty as well as their privilege to go to the polls and vote. That if they have political opinions that is the proper way to express them.

In short, leave nothing undone--no stone unturned in your efforts to get out the full democratic vote in "Old Morgan," and when the votes are counted on the evening of November 4th the victory will be ours and every democrat will feel justly proud of the part he played.

FRANK KENNAIRD,  
Chairman Democratic Campaign Committee.

### S. M. R. HURT TO THE VOTERS OF MORGAN COUNTY:

FELLOW CITIZENS:

I hereby wish to thank you for your loyal and hearty support in the August primary election; and, also would impress upon your minds the fact that the November election is near at hand. There is a deluge of all kinds of election lies going the rounds against me--lies for political purposes, as usual. Look into, investigate carefully, my character and qualifications, and, if I am the right man for County Attorney, vote for me. I have lived in your midst as a citizen of Morgan county for nearly five years, and expect to spend the rest of my days in old Morgan, the home of my choice.

Very truly,  
S. M. R. HURT.

#### To The Public.

The news has gone out that I have sold my store house and stock of goods and will retire from the mercantile business. This is not true. I was on a deal to sell but the trade was not made and I am still in business at the old stand with a full line of everything you need, and my prices are, as they have always been, the lowest.

So don't let this false report get you in the habit of trading elsewhere, but come right on where you can get the most for the least money.

Yours for further business,  
174-tf AUTY MCCLAIN.

#### Advertisement for Bids.

I will on Saturday, November 8, at Ezel, Ky., receive competitive bids for the building of approaches to the bridge across Blackwater creek, near Ezel.

Bids must be sealed and handed to me not later than 12 o'clock, noon, on that day, after which the bids will be opened and the contract let. I will make the specifications known on that day. I reserve the right to reject any bid which I consider undesirable.

The person, or persons, to whom the contract is awarded will be required to execute bond for the faithful performance of the contract.

W. B. ALLEN,  
Road Engineer.

Zen Franklin and sister, Miss Carrie, and Miss Ethel Williams, of Legville, were in town Wednesday, shopping. While in town they paid the Courier office a pleasant visit to watch the wheels go round to make the best paper in the mountains.

All-round printer wants position. Box 52, Morhhead, Ky.

#### Attempted Suicide.

On last Saturday night at about 11 o'clock, Mrs. Emily Cartmell, wife of E. T. Cartmell, generally known as "Tig" Cartmell, took carbolic acid with suicidal intent, and is now hovering between life and death as the result. It is not known what caused her to attempt to end her life as her family relations were pleasant. Mr. Cartmell works as clerk in the store of C. W. Womack and did not go home on Saturday night until quite late. Mrs. Cartmell's sister, Mrs. Nora Cottle, went home with Mr. Cartmell that night and they had not been at home very long until Mrs. Cartmell took the dose of poison. Mr. Cartmell had retired and after she had taken the acid his wife fell on the bed by him. He arose and hurried for Dr. W. H. Wheeler who went and administered an antidote. Mrs. Cartmell is in a very critical condition, but hopes are entertained that she will recover.

#### Green Trimble Dead.

W. G. Trimble, aged eighty-three years, died Monday of last week in a hospital at Lexington. Mr. Trimble formerly lived at Hazel Green, but for a number of years had been in Mt. Sterling. He was well known to a great many Morgan county people.

#### J. M. Reed Withdraws

J. M. Reed, republican nominee for assessor authorizes us to say that he has resigned his nomination, and is not a candidate. He withdraws in the interest of his brother, L. B. Reed, who is a candidate for County Judge.

It is necessary to give our biggest possible majority. And remember that my defeat might mean the failure of the democrats to control the next Senate.

So, for the sake of the party and for the sake of making sure of the contemplated reforms, let every democrat in the county go to work and work unceasingly until the polls close on the 4th. day of November. Give the biggest majority the county has ever given, and when elected I will serve you honestly, faithfully and to the best of my ability, and will ever be grateful to all of you loyal and earnest democrats.

Faithfully yours,  
Chas. D. Arnett.

#### Daring Robbery.

Last Friday evening while Mrs. William Carpenter, an aged widow lady who lives opposite the mouth of Lick Creek in Morgan county, was milking, she was accosted by two men who threw her to the ground and took \$1,200.00 in money off her person.

Mrs. Carpenter said she recognized the two men but insisted that blood hounds be sent for in order to verify her story. Capt. Millikin, of Lexington, was telegraphed for and arrived about 10 o'clock Saturday night. Notwithstanding the fact that thirty hours had elapsed since the deed was committed, and rain had fallen a great deal of the time, the dogs took up the trail and followed it without difficulty to the home of Geo. Cisco and Orbin Williams, two brothers-in-law who lived in the same house. They are the persons whom Mrs. Carpenter says committed the robbery.

The men were not at home when Capt. Millikin and his dogs arrived and no effort was made to trail them further.

#### Germs in Letter Used In

#### Attempt at Blackmail

Chicago, Oct. 21.—Chemists employed by the postal authorities discovered colonies of germs in a letter sent to extort money from Mrs. Frederick Steele, a wealthy suburban resident. The letter warned Mrs. Steele that it contained 2,000,000 malignant bacilli with which she was infected by opening it and demanded a sum of money in return for a supply of the only serum that could cure her.

Indications of the presence of a germ culture were found by the government chemists, who, however, were unable to state the nature of the disease it might convey:

#### Taken to Hospital

Chiles Henry, who has been suffering from blood poison for several weeks, was taken to a Louisville hospital the first of the week for treatment. While his condition is much better than it was some time ago the improvement was not as rapid as it should have been and his friends decided it was best to take him to an infirmary where he would be under the constant care of a physician.

#### Cecil

Harry Cecil, a prominent young farmer, died at his home near Grassy Creek Sunday evening after a short illness. The trouble was said to be a looped or locked intestine. Harry was a model young man and his death was a great shock to his many friends.

The remains were taken to Hazel Green for interment Monday.

#### Baptist Church

Work was begun on the new Baptist Church on Main Street just North of the Masonic Hall, Monday. Elder H. M. Eastes, of Morehead, is personally supervising the work and without mishap the building will be ready to occupy by Thanksgiving.

#### School Notes.

By Arnold H. Webb.

Monday after the institute, the West Liberty Graded and High School took up the regular work again. It seems almost like beginning new again, but it was not long until we were fully in step.

As school progresses, we become more fully aware of the fact that here in West Liberty, as in other places, parents do not appreciate the opportunities afforded their children as they should (I do not mean all the parents.) Some parents seem to have the idea that children can consult their own convenience in regard to an education. Some children would act wisely, but the majority of them will not act wisely. They do not realize what life means and that a struggle is before them. You would not for a moment think of permitting your boy or girl to leave home and attempt to provide for themselves at the age when you allow them to decide for themselves about securing an education or not securing it.

You say, and rightly so, that they cannot succeed in providing for themselves as they should be provided for; and I say that if they are not wise enough to support themselves, they are not able to determine wisely about their future. Then whose duty is it to determine and to execute? It is the duty of the parents to both determine and act, and if they do not do their duty, they have not only sinned against the child, but against God and the State. Against God in so much as you have not caused the mind that he has given the boy or girl to be cultivated; and against the state in so much as you are allowing voters to grow up, who are ignorant of the principles of free and just government. This country is not in danger from other nations, but it is in danger from within. We have forces undermining our system that only the most intelligent action on the part of the masses can counteract. Graft and corruption in politics and government can only be eradicated by being pried pried into by an intelligent and honest citizenship.

Now it is not only the parents' duty to enforce attendance in school, but also to take interest in their progress. We have the child only for a few hours per day, you have him at least two thirds of the day. You have him in a way that the teacher never has. You have the direction of his or her affairs, and there is no power under heaven that can say you nay. But if you fail in a wise direction of your children, you are laying the foundation for their ruin.

I have heard parents complain of the fact that they could not secure obedience from their boy or girl who were not older than twelve. What does such condition mean? It means the betrayal of a sacred trust. It is laying the foundation for heartaches and failures. It is the switching of a life from the road to honor and success to that of a criminal. Disrespect for the laws of God and man is first planted in the mind of the child by allowing it to disrespect the rules at home. It is begun there and nowhere else.

#### Accidental Shooting

Last Friday afternoon while Joe Carpenter and Curtis Cox, two young men of Eder, this county, were doing target practice with a 22 calibre revolver the weapon was accidentally discharged, the ball striking young Cox in the head just back of the left ear and ranging downward. At last report the young man was in a critical condition and, but little hope was entertained for his recovery.

It is said that the participants in the unfortunate affair had both been drinking heavily which was probably the cause of the accident.

#### Voted for a "Nigger."

Dr. Mahaffey, of Owsley county,

is contending that he is the best qualified man for the Senate. This we deny. To place the two men, side by side, and face to face, no stranger would hesitate for a minute in choosing Mr. Arnett. Dr. Mahaffey, while we have nothing to say against him personally, is a man of the "bloody shirt" type--the Caleb Powers booster. If there is anything that we do despise it is to hear any man howling for Caleb, the once star performer in a Kentucky drama that the world has put down as infamous. Mahaffey carved his way to the polls with his pig pockets to vote for a negro against one of Owsley's leading attorneys. --Jaxon Times

#### Local and Personal.

Jas. Buskirk, of Alice, was here Saturday.

J. E. Anderson, of Insko, was in town on business Monday.

Jas. Little, of Mize, was in the city last week on business.

Nelse Bishop, of Yocom, was here on business last week.

T. H. Johnston, of Forest, came in to see us while in town Saturday.

Miss Kathleen Steel left Saturday to visit relatives in Columbus, Ohio.

D. M. Murphy, of Maytown, transacted business in town Thursday.

Will Cassidy, of Bascom, visited his brother, R. B. Cassidy, last week.

County Attorney J. P. Haney was at Lexington on business last week.

Misses Prudie Dyer and Jennie Rose paid our office a pleasant visit on day last week.

Misses Mabel Thompson and Orange Oakley paid our office the compliment of a brief but pleasant visit Monday.

T. J. Daniel, who has been confined to his room for three weeks with sciatic rheumatism, is able to be out again.

B. J. Elam, Republican candidate for County Attorney, came in Monday and gave us another order for job work.

J. H. Day has sold his interests at Grassy Creek and moved his family to Mt. Sterling, where he is engaged in the hotel and livery business.

E. F. Cecil, of Hazel Green, Democratic nominee for Representative, was in town Monday. Mr. Cecil says that the Democratic outlook is good on his side of the county.

S. M. Lykins, deputy warden at the State Reformatory at Frankfort, came in the first of the week to remain till after the election. Sam "Toad" never fails to come home to vote.

The Courier Crew is indebted to Misses Della Cassidy, Ellie Blair, Fleta Hovermale, Nancy Phipps and Mrs. Nora Cottle for assistance rendered in mailing out the last issue of the paper.

The Penny Social given by the Ladies' Aid Society at the home of Mrs. John B. Phipps Wednesday evening, the 15th inst., was a success both socially and financially, more than 125 people being present and responding with pennies, quarters and dollars. Willie Joe Oakley was awarded the prize for being the ugliest man.

Prof. Clarence H. Poage, formerly principal of the West Liberty High School, contributed, in addition to his cash contribution, the following verse, which shows his appreciation of "Old West Liberty":

Your letter received,  
With kind invitation to come to your party,  
That we would be welcome, we're always believed,  
And feel our reception would surely be hearty.

We send our regrets that we can no longer be there.

To enjoy the commingling of friendly converse;

But we send you a dollar and hope you'll declare.

"We sure'y are sorry, but it might have been worse."

We remember the friendships that held us of you,  
And trust me are held even now in esteem.  
We will not forget, though we live to four score.

The village that lies by the side of the stream.

So give to our friends this greeting in rhyme

To tell them they're fondly remembered by name;

Invite us again, for we're coming next time,

To good old West Liberty--long live her fame!

Our names you will find attached to this verse,

The money we're sending to fill our place;

Aud so when the money you've put in your purse,

Perhaps you can think how we looked in the face.

Clarence Holton Poage,  
Ida Willis Poage.

#### Notice

To the voters of Morgan county:

Being unable to be in the county to take any part in the campaign, and being interested along other educational lines, I hereby withdraw as a candidate for Superintendent of Schools, in favor of Mr. Davis, my opponent.

I take this opportunity of thanking both Democrats and Republicans for the encouragement they have given me and for the loyal support they would have given me in November.

I am sure that the interests of the county will be well served by Mr. Davis.

Respectively submitted,  
W. H. Lewis,  
Tyrone, Ky.

#### Fiscal Court in Session

The Morgan County Fiscal Court is in session this week. This will be last regular session held by the present Justices of the Peace, and it is no exaggeration to say that they have safeguarded the financial interests of the county fully as well as any of their predecessors in that responsible position.

#### Lewis Withdraws

Prof. W. H. Lewis has withdrawn from the race for County Superintendent of Schools, having accepted the principalship of High School at Tyrone, Ky. See his card in this issue.

For dullness resulting from constipation use Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets

LICKING VALLEY COURIER  
Issued Thursday by  
The Morgan County Publishing Co.  
Terms—One Dollar a year in advance  
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Entered as second class matter  
April 7, 1910, at the post-office at West Liberty, Ky., under the Act of March 3, 1879.  
H. G. COTTELL, Editor.



### Democratic Ticket.

For State Senator,  
CHAS. D. ARNETT.  
For Representative,  
E. F. CECIL.  
For County Judge,  
S. S. DENNIS.  
For County Attorney,  
S. M. R. HURT.  
For County Court Clerk,  
REN F. NICKELL.  
For County Superintendent,  
JAMES W. DAVIS.  
For Sheriff,  
L. A. LYKINS.  
For Jailer,  
H. C. COMBS.  
For Assessor,  
A. O. PEYTON.  
For Surveyor,  
M. P. TURNER.  
For Coroner,  
OLLIE B. NICKELL.  
JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.

1st district—James R. Day,  
2nd district—J. M. Carpenter,  
3d district—J. M. Gividen,  
4th district—B. F. Blankenship,  
5th district—W. C. Taalkee,  
6th district—T. S. McGuire,  
7th district—D. M. Cox,  
8th district—A. J. Fraley.  
CONSTABLES.  
2nd district—Martin Mannin,  
5th district—W. E. Bentley,  
6th district—W. J. Griffitts,  
7th district—M. G. Wolfenbarger,  
8th district—Bruce Perry.

There is one thing about which the "Courier Crew" refuses to lose sleep—the income tax.

It is taking the City Dads a "Divil of a time" to settle with some of the former officers.

It's not half as easy for some people to live up to their religious pretensions as it is for a needle to pierce the eye of a camel.

He that has only his illustrious ancestors to boast of is like the potato plant. All the good that belongs to him is under the ground.

If some Democratic nominees should be defeated because of the stay-at-home vote wouldn't you feel just a little bit ashamed of yourselves?

You can't expect great ideas to come out of a head that is filled with prejudice and intolerance. Remember the story of the bucketful of mud?

Fellow Democrats—don't forget that the election comes next Tuesday. Go to the polls and take your wives with you, if they desire to go, and let them vote for James W. Davis for County Superintendent.

Before you drive your mule cart over some of the t. p's built by the able bodied yeomanry of Morgan county last Friday and Saturday, you had best ask: who made this magnificent piece of road.

The distinguished editor of the State Journal seems to be of the opinion that no mountain editor can write a sensible editorial nor no mountain correspondent get up a readable bit of news unless they are connected with the London Echo.

If Mr. Vreeland ever has occasion to go "up against" some of the "Hill Billies" they'll show him a thing or two.

### THANKS, "AWFULY."

When soliciting subscriptions, advertising or job-work we frequently hear something like this: "Yes, I am going to subscribe or advertise, as the case may be, some of these days. I always like to help my county paper out." Or, "I want to help you fellows out all I can." Some such expressions as these are not infrequent, thanks to the greatest of all virtues—"charity," which abideth so abundantly in the hearts of some of the dear people.

If our paper is not worth the subscription price or our space is not worth what we charge for it, why keep your coin in your pocket.

The COURIER is not a charity child by any means. It gives more than "value received" for every dollar it collects. We want the patronage of the people who recognize in the COURIER a potent influence for good, and who have brains enough to see that the service we render them is worth all they pay for it. We would not have your dollar if we knew you were just donating it to help the paper out.

We are not rolling in wealth, neither are we living on charity.

### TO THE VOTERS:

The importance of the Constitutional Amendment permitting a change in our present inadequate system of taxation is so great we wish to make this final appeal for its adoption.

First—Because the present Law does not afford sufficient revenue for the expenses of the Government.

Second—If not changed the next Legislature will be compelled to raise the tax rate, which will simply result in more taxes on the property now assessed, and already paying more than its share.

Third—if not adopted now five years hence before the question can be voted on again.

Fourth—if adopted the next State Legislature can frame a Law subjecting thousands of dollars invested in certain classes of property to its share of the burden.

Fifth—if the new Law is unsatisfactory the people will have the right to vote on it before it can go into effect.

Sixth—Because our present Tax Law drives people and capital from the State and keeps others from coming in.

Seventh—Because the present Tax Law is obsolete and unfair, as it imposes a double burden on some and permits others to escape.

Eighth—Because under the present Tax Law every man is practically his own Assessor, and the honest man has to pay for his less scrupulous neighbor.

Ninth—Because all taxation should be fair and uniform and all property should be made to pay its just proportion.

Tenth—Because something will have to be done to save the State's credit, and this is the time and opportunity to do it.

The proposed change is no theory nor is it the scheme of any clique or class.

It has been considered at several meetings of the Legislature and by three different Tax Commissions appointed for that purpose. The Laws of other States have been examined and a Constitutional Amendment has been recommended as the only remedy.

The Amendment was passed by the Legislature. It has been endorsed by citizens in every county in the State, and it is now up to the voters to decide whether we will have a fair and just Tax Law under which every man may look his neighbor square in the face and a Law which will enable us to invite capital to develop our resources, to furnish cheap money to improve our farms, to produce a sufficient revenue for the expenses of Government and make all kinds of property share the burden.

It will be an everlasting source of regret if we neglect the present opportunity and urge every citizen to do his duty and vote for the Amendment.

THE STATE TAX LEAGUE.

H. M. Fronan, President.  
H. G. Skiles, Secretary.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Judge J. W. Cammack, Owenton.

W. H. McCoy, Covington.

C. E. Hoge, Frankfort.

O. H. Waddle, Somerset.

J. F. Hager, Ashland.

J. W. McCulloch, Owensboro.

F. P. James, Lexington.

A. Oluff, Lebanon.

F. M. Fisher, Paducah.

W. P. Williams, Irvine.

H. S. Hale, Mayfield.

A. Y. Ford, Louisville.

H. Schuerman, Carrollton.

Judge Lewis Apperson, Mt. Sterling.

H. H. Coleman, Madisonville.

Wm. A. Obenchain, Bowling Green.

J. Frank Taylor, Glasgow.

Theo. J. Blakey, Beattyville.

J. N. Canden, Versailles.

R. C. Ford, Middlesboro.

We commend the above appeal

to every voter of Morgan county irrespective of political affiliation. The tax laws of Kentucky are antiquated and unjust. Under existing laws the small property holder pays a disproportionate part of the taxes while his more wealthy neighbor, the bondholder, is oftentimes able to escape taxation almost entirely.

What little the poor man pos-

sesses is tangible—it can be

seen, while the wealthy man can cover up his securities in such a manner that the assessor cannot find them.

Vote for the tax amendment and make every man bear his part of the burden of taxation. Editor.

Not many muscles were made sore nor tools dulled working on the road in Morgan county the 24 and 25.

God speed the day when we will have a system that will compel the building of good roads.

The Paintsville Herald came out with a "Crackerjack" industrial and booster edition last week. If there was a business interest or business man within a radius of ten miles of Paintsville that was not mentioned in the edition it was because the twenty pages would not hold them all.

### SCISSORS AND PASTE

With an Occasional Cursor

Comment by the Editor.

THE HAPPY MAN.

The happiest man in the world is the common, everyday pay chap who makes his own living, pays his own bills and has the respect of his neighbors. He saves a little money as he goes along, but doesn't try to get a corner on his local output and he is not a slave to ambition or society.

He never expects to wear out his trousers in the senate and when he glides out of bed in the morning he never wastes any time to pick out the right tint of socks, suspenders and necktie that will blend with the general effect.

He only wears a high collar when he feels like it, and when his pet corn begins to jump, he jerks out his knife and cuts a four inch gash in the side of his shoe and nothing is said about it in the local papers. He never has to sit up at night to puzzle his conscience. He believes in the doctrine of live and let live.

When he encounters one of the needy he doesn't stutter with his pocket book. The plain plug of a man is happy because he is satisfied and doesn't spend half of his time yearning for something which his salary will not permit. Give us more plain men and the world will be better.

Newport Times.

### Lots of 'Em.

Wonder how many people in the county really BORROW THE MOUNTAINEER from their neighbors every week.—Kentucky Mountaineer.

Anyone familiar with the construction of modern weapons of war and the high explosives used in them would naturally suppose a cannon made of wood would be of little or no value as a weapon.

Wooden cannon have been used with considerable success nevertheless in recent revolutions in Cuba, in Haiti and in the Dominican Republic.

The wood used in the construction of these crude weapons is of a very tough variety, having a twisted grain that curls about the log in such a way that to split the timber with the ordinary means is almost impossible.

The best trees are selected, and a piece of the log five or six feet in length and about one foot in diameter is cut. After the bark has been removed and the log made perfectly round it is swung up on a crude truss, and a hole is burned in it from one end. The log is wound with strips of rawhide cut from the skin of a steer. When the cannon is covered with the strips of hide another layer is wound on, and this is continued until the weapon has increased several inches in diameter.

After the log is covered and the bore is finished the weapon is treated to a hot draft, which tends to contract the hide binding, which becomes almost as strong as wire.

These crude cannon have been used with success in a number of instances, and it is astonishing the number of times they may be fired before they burst or become otherwise disabled.—Harper's Weekly.

### Disfranchise 'Em.

Judging from some men's actions you would think that there would not be an election held if they did not cast their vote. Many of these same fellows will sell their vote for fifty cents.—Falmouth Outlook.

### IS KENTUCKY IN NEED OF THE TAX REFORM?

What Happened in "THE COW COUNTIES" in California and Why "THE DOG TAX COUNTIES" in Kentucky Should Emulate Their Example

Until a few years ago the State of California was suffering under the same system of taxation which prevails in Kentucky, although many efforts had been made to change it.

The average citizen is opposed to innovations as a general proposition and while the state suffered and the burden of taxation fell heavily on the small property owner, as it does in Kentucky, it was hard to arouse the people and the capitalistic classes managed to keep the old law in effect and went on hiding their personal property and escaping taxation, as they do in Kentucky.



"Why is this man working so hard?"

"To get more land to pay MORE taxes."

A simple carelessness expression in a San Francisco newspaper caused a revolution of feeling and brought about the change which all Californians are now proud of.

The newspaper referred to printed an article to the effect that the same old Constitutional Amendment would be voted on at the November election and added facetiously that "the Cow Counties" would probably vote for it, and treated it as a joke.

The newspaper evidently underestimated the power of "the Cow Counties" as the little attempt at witlessness made the "Cow Counties" sit up and take notice.

The people in "the Cow Counties" commenced to ask themselves: Why is it that farm lands and town property pay the bulk of taxes? Why are the owners of stocks, bonds, notes and other personal property able to get off free?

Have we a uniform system of taxation in practice as well as in name? And such like questions.

Well, the result was "the Cow Counties" in California determined to throw off the yoke and the amendment was overwhelmingly carried.

W. O. DAVIS, Chairman,

Woodford County.

ELWOOD HAMILTON, Sec'y,

Franklin County.

W. B. MOODY,

Henry County.

W. A. FROST,

Graves County.

L. C. OWINGS,

Jefferson County.

# At the People's Store!

Our line is now practically complete in every department. Our new Fall goods opened up to our entire satisfaction. Never before have we been as well prepared to give you as

### Big Values

for the money as we are today. We will tell you the secret in the next issue of the Courier.

From 2,500 pairs of SELZ SHOES everyone can find satisfaction. The last word in Shoe Satisfaction and Service found in SELZ!

### SHIELD BRAND CLOTHING!

Do you know what that means? Come in and let us show you our nifty Suits, Overcoats and Pants. Watch for our regular advertisement.

We can both please and surprise the most fastidious in our line of Ladies' Coats, Dress Goods and Trimmings. We are headquarters for flour, feed, hardware, iron beds, springs, cots, mattresses, etc. Give us a call. It does not cost you a penny to look. Send the children, call us over the phone, or write us. We are here to serve you!

### Index, Ky.

### E. Henry & Sons,

### To Protect Your Pocketbook

Do Your Trading at

### D. R. KEETON'S

Fancy Candies, Fruits, Fancy and Staple Groceries of all kinds.

A Complete Line of Gents' Furnishings. All lines up-to-date and best quality. My prices always leaves money for something else.

Courteous treatment to everybody.

Ice Cream, Ice Cream Soda, The Best Cold Drinks. Ice For Sale at All Times.

### WATCH US GROW!

Three years ago we began with a little more than \$25,000 deposits. Now we have more than \$100,000. Good business methods and courteous treatment did it. Don't you want to grow with us?

Our growth has been more than 100 per cent per year.

Do Business the Safe way.

**CAPITAL STOCK AND SURPLUS \$**

## The Pardon of Thomas Whalen

By RAND WHITLOCK

AUTHOR OF "THE THIRTEENTH DISTRICT," "HER INFINITE VARIETY," "THE HAPPY AVERAGE," "THE TURN OF THE BALANCE," ETC., ETC.

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BE private secretary turned reluctantly from his open window beside which the trees bathed their young leaves in the sparkling sunshine of the June morning to confront the throng that awaited audience with the governor. The throng larger than usual, for the convention was to be held the morrow. Every county in the state was represented in the crowd that trampled the red carpet, shed the leather chairs and blew smoke of campaign cigar into worn faces of former governors in their massive gilt frames on ponderous law.

In one corner a woman had pinching a handkerchief to her nose. Now and then she sobbed aloud, when Leo Gilman, the private secretary, saw her knew it at once in case, and paid no further heed to her.

There was an odor of perspiration in the room, distinguishable even in the heavy fumes of tobacco. The real leaders of the scene, William Handy and the others, were over at the executive mansion, with the governor, completing the final arrangements for his nomination. The governor held the convention in the hollow of his hand.

The woman huddled in her corner until eleven o'clock, and then Gilman, happening into her quarter of the room, asked her what she wanted, listening with official respect for her reply. It was an old story to him. When she told him he smiled a strange smile and turned away. At noon the governor ran the gauntlet of the waiting crowd and gained the sanctuary of his private office. Once there, breathing a sigh of relief, he stood for a moment in one of the tall windows looking out upon the smooth lawns stretching lazily in the sun, and rolling away to the eaves surrounding the state house. He was a tall man and strong. If he had a physical fault, it was that he carried his head too low, denoting him a thinker, but his gaze was fixed upon the earth, his thoughts were in the stars. Presently he shook his splendid head vigorously, wrapped his long coat determinedly about him, and settled himself at his desk.

Gilman entered, bearing a pile of papers demanding the governor's personal attention, but the morning conference was very brief on this day. As Gilman turned to go, the governor said:

"I desire to be alone today. I have that speech of acceptance to write. If Handy comes, send him in, but no one else."

Gilman laid his hand upon the door-knob and the governor asked:

"No one of importance out there, is there?"

"No," said Gilman. "There's a woman—what do you think she wants?"

"A pardon, of course."

"Yes, but for whom? You'd never guess in a thousand years." Gilman was smiling.

"Then tell me."

"Tom Whalen!" Gilman laughed at the humor of it.

The governor's features relaxed with a smile, but quickly his brow contracted again, and he said:

"Well—poor things—I pity them. I could wash my hands in women's tears every week."

"Well," said Gilman, opening the door, "I told her she could see you. I'll slide her out."

The governor bent to his desk, but just as the door was closing he called: "Oh, Gilman!"

Gilman stopped.

"Don't do that—tell her I'll see her after a while."

Gilman, as he returned to his desk, smiled and shook his head at the governor's weakness.

Thomas Whalen was a life convict in the penitentiary. The crime was committed on the night of the election at which John Chatham had been chosen chief executive of his state. Whalen was a boss in the nineteenth ward and Chatham man. The campaign had developed such bitterness that Whalen found it necessary to name himself a judge of election in the fourth precinct of his ward. Many times during the day blue patrol wagons had rolled into the precinct.

The polling place of the fourth precinct was a small barber shop in Fifteenth street. During the evening, as the ballots were being counted, it had become apparent that an altercation was in progress behind the yellow blinds. It was abruptly terminated by a shot. The lights in the shop were extinguished at the same moment. A man burst from the door and fled. When the police arrived, they found a dead election judge face downward on the table. His name had been Brokoski. The bullet had passed entirely through his body, and reddened with his blood the ballots that gushed from the overturned box. The window at his back had been completely shattered by the ball as it flew out into the alley. This was a large bullet, a thirty-eight caliber. The police found a revolver gleaming in the light of the dark lanterns they flashed down the alley. It was a thirty-eight caliber with one empty chamber. It was evident that the murderer had discarded it in his flight. A lieutenant of police at the Market Place police station easily identified the gun as one he had given to Whalen several weeks previously. The judges and clerks had rushed after Whalen. The shock, the sudden failure of light, the horror of the dead man in the dark had jangled their nerves. They were too excited to give a clear account of the affair. They knew that Whalen and Brokoski, sitting on opposite sides of the table, had been quarreling. They had heard the shot, had been blinded by the flash, and had seen Whalen bolt. Brokoski

ton. He breathed with difficulty, but that may have been due to his disease. At last he raised his shaven head.

"Mr. Gilman," he said, "I see what you're getting at. I have told you I did not commit the crime for which I am here."

"But you haven't answered my question," said Gilman, interested in spite of himself, for a great fear was growing up within him: "you have not told me who did kill Brokoski."

The convict lifted his eyelids slowly, and fastened his vision upon his interlocutor. And then he said very deliberately and distinctly:

"No, Mr. Gilman, and I never will!"

Gilman left the penitentiary with more than his gloom upon him. He declined the warden's effusive invitation to stay to dinner. He wanted to get away. He could not forget the shine in Whalen's eyes. And the fear within possessed him.

When he reached the city, after dining at the chop house where his old friends gathered, he went out to Fifteenth street. Costello had sold his barbershop, and the place had become a saloon. The saloon was quiet that night. Gilman drank with the bartender, and, of course, talked about the Brokoski killing. The bartender had made a study of that case, and discussed it with the curled lip of the specialist.

"They didn't do a thing to Tom but

throw the hooks into 'im all right, all right. It was a case of him in the stripes from the start. Say, them lawyer guys and fly-cops' frost you."

"May I come in?"

The governor turned. "Be seated, madam," he said. "I shall be quite frank with you. I am acquainted with this case, and do not believe it to be one justifying executive clemency."

When she spoke her voice was tremulous.

"Will you hear my story?"

"You may proceed," the governor replied. He had pushed the papers aside and was drumming lightly with his long, white fingers on his desk.

The woman nervously pleated her handkerchief, fearing to begin. "You must excuse me," she said presently, "I can not tell my story very well. I do not come here for mercy or anything like that. It is only a matter of justice."

Had it not been for the gloom, she might have seen a smile steal over the face of the dark figure at the desk. Once plunged into her narrative, her words flowed rapidly, until—suddenly she ceased to speak.

"That was five years ago," she said, her voice dropping to a sadly reminiscent whisper. "We were to have been married that spring, but—I would rather not tell the rest."

The woman probably felt her cheeks flush with warmth.

The governor could hear her quick breathing. In a minute he said kindly:

"What's all that I hear about your pardoning Tom Whalen?"

The private secretary did not hear the governor's reply, for with deliberate step he had crossed the room and closed the door. He heard nothing clearly, for Handy's voice came to at all. Once he thought he heard "mawkish sentiment," and "the action of a political imbecile," but what he mostly distinguished was muffled profanity. The young man for the first time in his experience was delighted when his bell buzzed just then. When he entered upon the scene, the governor, rocking complacently in his high-backed chair, was saying:

"But what if it's my duty?"

"Duty be damned," shouted Handy, rising to his feet, and smiting the desk with a heavy fist he had folded during the conversation. The wrath which the politician had kept bottled up overnight had burst out at last.

"I am running this campaign," he cried, "and as long as I do run it, I do not propose to tolerate such incredible folly as pardoning Tom Whalen."

The governor sat for a long time in somber silence. The woman could hear the ticking of his watch. Presently he drew it from his pocket and struck a match.

"It is growing late," he said. "The tale you tell is a very remarkable tale. My time is so fully occupied that it will be impossible for me to devote any thought to it just now. If you will leave your address with my secretary I shall communicate with you. Meanwhile—do not talk."

The convention met. The secretary never got down to S in calling the roll of counties, and the governor was re-nominated by acclamation. But never in all the exciting scenes of those two days, in the black moment of suspense before the roll-call began, in the white instant of agony pending the poll of the Richland county delegation, in the golden hour of triumph, when he stood pale and bending before the mad applause rolling up to him in mighty billows, did he forget the name of Thomas Whalen, or did the face of that woman pass from him. They followed him persistently, they glimmered in his dreams. There was no escape from their pursuit.

After a week in which he found no ease, with the determination that characterized him when once aroused, he undertook judicial investigation of the case. He obtained a transcript of record, and read it as carefully as if he had been retained in the case and sought error upon which to carry it to the supreme court. In the familiar work he found for a time relief.

Gilman, meanwhile, had forgotten the incident of the woman's visit. The idea of pardoning Tom Whalen was too preposterous to merit serious consideration. But, when the governor told him to go to the penitentiary and interview Whalen, and then to the city and the locality of the crime for the purpose of learning all he could about Brokoski's death, he damned himself for having mentioned the fact of the woman's presence on that crowded, tobacco-clogged, perspiring morning. And as he left the capitol he resolved that his visit should be astonishingly barren of results.

Inside the warden's private office at the penitentiary he saw Whalen. The man had found the convict's friend, consumption, and Gilman hardly knew him. When the private secretary told him of the application for his pardon, Whalen only smiled. Gilman found him strangely reticent, and after an effort to induce him to talk said:

"Whalen, really now, did you kill Brokoski?"

The striped convict picked at the cap he held in his lap. A bitter smile wrinkled his pale, moist face.

"Satisfied, again, eh?" he said, without looking up.

Finally Whalen tired of the exam-

a wound as Brokoski's point of the missile's entrance from the point of exit. Of course it is not certain. The youth the police called did not think such an inquiry important, whereas it was vital. A pistol fired point-blank at a man would blacken his breast with powder. The velocity of the ball, fired at such range, might have been sufficient to knock the man over backward, instead of allowing him to fall upon his face as he did. Then, there's the window. It was shattered, the police said, by the ball. Even the glass in the upper sash was broken. The frame on the outside was blackened by powder, the stains even now being visible. Now, a bullet flying the distance it must have traversed between Whalen's hand and the window, would, in all probability, simply have perforated the glass with a round, clean hole. But the weapon having been fired in close proximity, the con-

cussion shattered the whole window."

After a silence Gilman resumed:

"Now, then, assume that the bullet

entered Brokoski's back and emerged

from his breast. The conclusion deduced from the circumstances I have suggested is impregnable when that bullet is located in a position in front of Brokoski."

During the recital the governor lay

in his deep chair, his arms across his

breast, his finger-tips together. He regarded Gilman through half-closed eyes. A thoughtful observer would have said that he had heard the essential elements of the tale before. When he spoke, after a silence which had begun to annoy the private secretary, he said:

"Well, your hypothesis is tenable.

In fact, it is one of the prettiest cases

I ever saw put together."

Gilman stirred uneasily.

"But did you learn anything as to

the identity of the person, who, if

your suppositions are correct, killed

Brokoski?"

"That's the weak point," Gilman

promptly admitted. "A sufficient mo-

tion to the direction of prison authorities and the governor. And yet a certificate

of pinegoined in Gilman's desk, signed

by the prison physician, stated that

Thomas Whalen had pulmonary tuber-

closis and was in a moribund condition.

In his office in the city William

Handy, the chairman of the state cen-

tral committee, read these newspaper

stories, and aware as he did so. That

night the shrewdest and maddest poli-

tician in the state stole out of town.

The next morning Gilman was sur-

prised when the big man burst through

the door marked "private," brushed

by him and entered, unannounced, the

governor's chambers. Before the state-

ly door swung to behind him, Gilman

heard him demand:

"What's all that I hear about your

pardoning Tom Whalen?"

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the governor's reply, for with deliber-

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The Pardon of  
Thomas Whalen

(Concluded from third page)

carved arms of the chair. Gilman stared with parted lips.

Fiercely he wheeled on the woman. "Do you see what he has done? He has given up all—he has killed himself! He says Whalen is innocent—and doesn't know upon whom to fasten suspicion! Don't you—my God, woman—can't you see?"

Slowly the situation was borne in upon her understanding. Her mouth opened with a gasp, her eyes widened. "Why!" she said, jerking her words from a choking throat. "He knows who did it. I told him. It was me."

The door latch clicked behind her. She turned in the direction whence came the sound, and repeated, as if the interrupter contradicted her:

"Yes, I did it. I killed Brokoski."

Her strength failed her. She sobbed convulsively.

"Yes—I—did—it," she repeated. "I—did—it."

Gilman stared in wonder. Here, then, was the person who had stood in the alley beneath the window that night, whose footprints would have led him to the solution of his mystery, to the end of his clever chain. The problem of her motive for slaying Brokoski alone remained. He longed to ask her, but she had collapsed unconscious in her chair. Turning to the governor he implored light. A word informed him of the accidental killing of Brokoski by a jealous woman who was trying to shoot his vis-a-vis. Then he demanded in tones reproachful:

"Why did you not tell me this?"

"Because," the man quietly responded, "I do not war on women."

The door whose latch had clicked had opened wide, and William Handy entered, smiling.

Governor Chatham was assuring papers on his desk, as a man would whose routine work had received a trifling interruption. Handy remained on his feet.

"John," he said, "John, I take off my hat to you. I admire your nerve. I recognized it years ago, that day you presided over our convention in the old seventh district—remember?—the day you turned me down so hard. Remember?"

The governor smiled.

"Yes, John," he persisted. "You're a hell of a good fellow, but," he added, "you're a damn poor politician."

There was the faintest shadow of a smile on the governor's face. Handy closed his eyes until they were the merest slits. He puffed his cigar back to life.

His head was wrapped in scarfs of smoke.

"When does the grand jury sit?" he inquired, after a time.

"Not till the December term."

"We can have a special one impaneled. I'll have Donnelly call it."

The governor looked at Handy. "William," he said, "you might as well understand now, that that would be wholly useless. I am convinced of Whalen's innocence absolutely, beyond all doubt, but will be impossible to get a jury to convict the one who did kill Brokoski on such evidence as convinced me."

"But she confesses," urged Handy.

"To whom?"

"To you."

"Exactly. But what if that confession be a privileged communication?"

Handy looked up in amazement. "You don't mean you wouldn't testify?"

The governor's countenance lost its legal expression, and became suddenly human. If Handy had been a thinner man he would have jumped when the governor said:

"Do you think I would send a woman to the penitentiary to elect myself governor?"

"Are you sure confessions to a governor are privileges?" inquired Handy, who was adoring to practical things.

The governor's face put on its legal mask again, and he replied:

"Well, the question is unsettled—"

"Who presides in the criminal court this winter?" inquired Handy. "Any of our fellows?" Handy's whole philosophy of life was pull. The governor resumed, without answering:

"The question has never been decided. Mr. Chief Justice Marshall, upon the trial of Aaron Burr, ruled, if I remember, that a subpoena duces tecum might be issued to the president for a letter addressed to him, leaving the question of the production of the letter—"

"Oh, say, John," broke in Handy. "Burr's dead, isn't he? And he wasn't a good fellow, anyway, or he'd never got in that far. Go on with your legalities—I myself do not propose to go to jail for contempt for refusing to testify."

"You?"

"Yes, me."

"What have you to do with it?"

"Oh, nothing much," said Handy, "only I happened to be inside that door just now when she confessed—and there's Gilman besides." Handy, his cigar tilted upward, smoked on voluminously and smiled through the smoke with deep satisfaction. The governor averted his face. Lines of trouble drew themselves across his brow. Presently he turned to the chairman.

"Handy," he said, "I may be re-elected and I may not—probably not. However that may be, I insist upon this: I want that woman, for the present, let alone. I have faith in the people. I am willing to go to them on my record. They may or may not re-elect me. I shall not, at any rate, have my motives impugned. I only want, when the tumult has subsided, when the subject can be viewed with clear eyes and investigated by clear heads and clear hands, to see justice done."

"Oh," said Handy, "to hell with justice."

"Well then," asked the governor, "what do you say to a little mercy now and then?"

USE THE COLUMNS OF THE COURIER TO TELL THE PEOPLE WHAT YOU HAVE TO SELL.

Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for rheumatism.

**CORRESPONDENCE**

GRASSY CREEK

J. H. Day has sold his farm and household plunder preparatory to going to Mt. Sterling to engage in the hotel and livery business.

Harrison Cecil, of Grassy Creek, son of J. F. Cecil, died on Sunday, the 26 inst., at 8 p.m. His funeral was preached at his home on Monday, October 27, at 9 a.m. by Elder W. L. Gevedon, after which he was taken to Hazel Green and interred in the Hazel Green cemetery. Harry was a model young man. The bereaved mother and family have our sympathy.

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To use cheap paint is a waste of both paint and labor.

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INDEX, KY.

Report of the condition of the MORGAN COUNTY NATIONAL BANK

At Cannel City, in the State of Kentucky, at the close of business Oct. 21, 1913:

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts..... \$131,295.89

Overdrafts, secured and unsecured..... 1,473.61

U. S. Bonds to secure circulation..... 25,000.00

U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. deposits..... 1,000.00

Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures..... 1,000.00

Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)..... 1,938.87

Due from approved Reserve Agents..... 60,429.08

Notes of other National Banks..... 1,380.00

Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents..... 286.80

Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz. Specie..... \$7,281.25

Legal-tender notes..... 920.00 8,201.25

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)..... 1,250.00

Total..... \$233,255.50

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in..... \$ 25,000.00

Surplus fund..... 20,000.00

Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes, paid..... 6,817.12

National Bank notes outstanding..... 25,000.00

Individual deposits sub jct to check..... 144,095.76

Demand certificates of deposit..... 10,452.62

United States deposits..... 1,000.00

Total..... \$233,255.50

State of Kentucky, 1<sup>st</sup>, County of Morgan, 1<sup>st</sup>,

I, C